

SEVEN GOLD NEEDS.

Seven gold needs grew tall and slim,
Close by the river's beaded brim.
Syrinx, the maid, fitted past;
Faint, the gold-headed, followed last.
Oh, such a race was joy to see,
Swift as the flight of bird or bee.
As lightly bent the girl's white feet
They made strange music, low and sweet;
So heavily trod the lusty Pan
His hoofs clashed loudly as he ran.
He spread his arms to clasp her there
(Just as she vanished into air.)
And to his bosom, warm and rough,
Drew the gold needs close enough.
Then the wind's low voice began
To hum in the furry ears of Pan.
Out of green bark he made a tether,
And bound seven joints of the needs together,
And blew a tune so sweet and clear
That all the wild things came to hear.

So, to this day, the poet's fire
Springs out of his unquenchable desire,
When Love on winged feet has fled,
And seven gold needs are clasped instead!

(Maurice Thompson, in Harper's.)

Something Fresh.

According to the Savannah News, far out at sea, along both the Gulf and Atlantic coasts of Florida, are several springs of fresh water. They are well known to the spongers and fishermen, who frequently visit them to replenish their casks. On this same coast is an oil spring, which diffuses a calm over troubled waters, and affords a safe refuge to vessels during a gale.

Water as Food.

The amount of water in food is very large. A beef steak contains 75 per cent. of water. In buying a pound, only one-fourth of that pound is dry solid meat.

Cabbages contain 85 to 90 per cent. of their weight of water, and succulent fruits sometimes more than ninety per cent. Of substances most commonly eaten, such as the dried, and water-melons the most watery of foods.

When water is taken into the system it assists without doubt in the building up of tissues, and in the repair of the old. According to this view it is not merely a diluent of fluids, it does not simply play an inactive part like a lubricant of machinery, but is in a true sense a food.

There are plenty of experiments—both involuntary experiments, as among shipwrecked people, and experiments made for the purpose of showing that so long as water is taken, the deprivation of all other food can be supported for a very long time.

Land Monopolies.

There is only a given amount of arable land in every country, says a labor paper, and from this land the means of subsistence of all the dwellers therein must be drawn.

To permit the monopoly of great tracts, either by individuals or corporations, to the exclusion of future millions to all right in the common heritage of the people, is simply to sow the wind and reap the whirlwind.

The monopoly of land in this country has already proceeded to such an extent as to react with great force to the injury of wages generally by cutting off the outlet for surplus labor in the future if not summarily checked.

The invention of labor-saving machinery and the minor subdivision of labor rendered possible by the great aggregate increase of capital has created practically a manufacturing monopoly rivaling that of the great growing monopoly in land—thus rendering the individual workman (and smaller capitalists for that matter) powerless to work on his own account and thus secure the profits on his labor, as a quarter of a century ago.

ANIMAL FIGHTING IN CHINA.

Though the denizens of the Celestial Empire prohibit all entertainments in which human beings may be injured, they have no objection to fights in which the participants are animals. Religious persons, especially strict Buddhists who believe in the transmigration of souls, are strong opponents of these sports, but the young men in China patronize them extensively. In every great city such as Canton, Foo-Chow, and Ke-Lung there are hundreds of sporting men who make their livelihood from these events.

Fighting turtles are of two classes, either the mud or snapping turtle. They are caught and regularly trained. They are fed with raw meat and a drug that corresponds with the "loco" of Texas. In six months the turtle becomes savage and ugly, and will fight and bite on the smallest provocation.

To increase its bellicose powers, the jaws and teeth are carefully filled and sand-papery until its mouth is made almost into a series of razors and needles. Each day its trainer teases it with cotton and wood until it is excited into a perfect frenzy and bites the training instruments into small fragments. Six months' training puts it in good fighting condition.

Young and old turtles are valuable. A middle-aged turtle—that is, one of seven or eight years—is the best. When the fighting comes off the turtles have been starved and teased for a week, and are as ugly as they can be. Each is handled by its own trainer, and is teased and tickled until it is in a violent rage. It is then placed in a small ring with its antagonist, and the fun begins.

The fight is always to the death. A throat hold means victory. Generally the legs are the main points of attack, and often both reptiles will lose a foreleg in the first round. Their vitality is so great that after a head is almost bitten off it will turn and seize a leg or tail and bite as if nothing had happened. These fights last from one to ten hours, and are always largely attended by men and boys.

In the western provinces wildcats are quite common. They resemble the American wildcat, but are larger and fiercer. They are usually caught when young, and are brought up so as to develop their fighting qualities. A good commentary upon their training is their market value. When kittens they bring about one tael

(\$1.40); one year they are worth four taels, and at two and a half they command from ten to twenty. They are matched against their own species, and at times against dogs, of about the same general type as our bull terriers. The fight is bloody and horrible.

In some cities the contest is made more exciting and terrible by putting metal-studded collars around the necks of the two cats. The fight is then resolved into a matter of endurance, and frequently lasts five hours. When a wildcat is matched against a bull terrier, the result is very uncertain.

If the dog catches the cat by the nose, throat, or leg he usually wins. But if the cat gets on his back, which is often the case, the dog has a hopeless fight. After repeated attempts to dislodge his foe, he succumbs from loss of blood and absolute fatigue.

Box fighting in China resembles that in the United States. The rules are about the same, but the pugilists are often more deadly. Instead of representing the normal shape of the bird's weapon, they are made with two or three points and with edges like razors. Under such circumstances a fight is frequently determined in a few minutes.

In Pe-Cho-Li the beak is sometimes shod with pointed steel, and no gaffs are employed. Unless the eye or throat is struck the fight is long and monotonous, the birds being covered with blood in two minutes. They are also stimulated to increased effort by being fed with grain soaked in mo-ma-dai-o, a liquor corresponding to whiskey.

Fighting or game cocks are valuable in China, and have been bred for generations. Those of Foo-Chow are the most valuable, and possess few qualities save those of great beauty and reckless courage. They range in price from a half tael (seventy cents) to fifty taels (seventy dollars), according to the strain from which they come. The best have pedigrees longer than those of our great horses and dogs.

Male rats are very pugnacious, especially in the spring. They are fed lightly during the winter months, and with raw meats and fishbones. In March and April they are in condition, and with a little excitement, become very ferocious. They are usually fought in a small ring, not more than three feet in diameter.

These fights are sharp and short, seldom lasting more than twenty minutes. Each tries to strike the other on the throat, just behind the ear, and when he succeeds death follows.

These rats are also fought against dogs and cats. Generally these combats are uninteresting, the rat having an instinctive fear of both these animals. At times, however, when well trained, they show fight, and often have been known to kill the luckless cat or dog put into the pit against them.

Fainting.

(Harper's Magazine.)

A timid person sees, perchance, some accident in which human life is possibly sacrificed, or the sensibilities are otherwise shocked. His feelings overcome him, and he faints. How are we to explain it? Let us see what takes place. The impression upon the brain made by the organ of sight creates (through the agency of special centres in the organ of the mind) an influence upon the heart and the blood-vessels of the brain. This results in a decrease in the amount of blood sent to the brain, and causes a loss of consciousness.

In the same way persons become dizzy when looking at a water-fall, or from a height, through the effects of the organs of sight upon the brain.

Not Conducive to Energy.

(Philadelphia Post.)

At Key West, Florida, summer is perpetual, and at noonday every soul is asleep. The cocoanut trees nod drowsily, and the banana leaves droop under the heavy air.

The flushed sun glids the smooth trunk of the palms, the hum of the insects is hushed, and the cigar maker, who sings at his work while the morning mist lies upon the water, seeks the shelter of the low-browed roof, smokes his cigarette, sips his coffee, and lies down to a siesta.

The people share their slumber between the day and the night. They work in the early morning and in the evening hours, give their nights to pleasure, and the noonday to rest.

He Couldn't Either.

(Detroit Free Press.)

A gentleman who drove up to the Postoffice yesterday and found no place to hitch his horse called to a boot-black and asked if he didn't want to earn a nickel.

"Can't do it just now," replied the lad; "I'm going up the alley to see a slugging match."

Close at his heels was a second boy, and the gentleman addressed him with the same inquiry.

"Oh, I can't stop a minute," protested the gamin, "for I'm one of the sluggers he's going to see slug!"

New Piece of Furniture for Banks.

The Bank of France, it is said, has an invisible studio in a gallery behind the cashiers, so that at a signal from one of them any suspected customer will instantly have his picture taken without his own knowledge.

The camera has also become very useful in the detection of frauds, a word or figure that to the eye seemed completely erased, being clearly reproduced in photographs of the document that had been tampered with.

Tre, La, La, La!

(Bob Burdette.)

Just as Juliet touched the last chords of whatever she was playing, Romeo stood gently by her side and they both managed on one piano stool no bigger than an opera hat.

"That's a sonata," she said timidly looking at her music.

"Ah, yes," said Romeo, who isn't much of a musician, but who is going to play his father-in-law for all he is worth. "Ah, yes; sonata, but so nice."

A Compromise.

(Pittsburgh Chronicle.)

"Dead? Well, I declare! Paid the debt of Nature, hey?"

"No; compromised at less than fifty per cent."

"How so?"

"He left his better half behind him."

Froreeding Backward.

(Philadelphia Press.)

Susan Anthony announces that the cause of woman's rights is making headway every day. We don't see how she reconciles this view with the cruel suppression of the Mother Hubbard dress.

The Old, Old Story.

Augustus and Clara had become engaged after the usual manner of young people who haven't anything else to do, and Clara showed a disposition after some time to dissolve the tie.

"Augustus," she said one evening, "let's don't be engaged any longer."

"What's that for?" he inquired with some surprise.

"Oh, I'm tired, and besides it was only a sham engagement on my part, anyway. Here's your ring."

"Don't trouble yourself about the ring, Clara. It is only a sham diamond anyway. I bought a half dozen for three dollars, just to use in little emergencies like this. Good by; don't tell any of the other girls about the ring, please," and he went out.

Canada's Treatment of the Indian.

(New York Sun.)

Canadian statesmen say that the Indians in the states would not cost any more than they do if Congress boarded them all at the Fifth avenue hotel, whereas in Canada each Indian costs a little less than would keep a private in the army. There are about a quarter of a million Indians split up into little bands, whose reserves are sprinkled over the land like the lakes of Maine. The government keeps account with each band, sells for them what lands are not wanted, and holds \$3,000,000 in trust for them.

It instructs them in farming, provides them with implements, seeds and cattle, instructs their children, and feeds all who need food with pork and grain. Already the home farms, where the savages were shown how to till the soil, are rapidly being closed up, and the rations of food are being withdrawn from one band after another as the Indians manifest ability to store and preserve their crops through the winters. Nearly all the Indians do something towards self-support. Some make baskets, others make snow shoes and toboggans, others sell furs, others make barrels, others catch fish, and so on. Five years ago the Blackfeet were on the warpath. Now almost every family has a house and farm.

The upshot of the whole thing, as Senator A. W. O'Neil put it the other day, is that "the United States means well, but her agents hold that no Indian is a good Indian except a dead Indian, while Canada believes they are human beings, and that it costs less to treat them kindly than to fight them."

News-papers.

Here, now we have it—the newspaper. Wonderful product of brain and toil! One would think that it should be dearly bought and highly prized, and yet it is the cheapest thing in the world. One to five cents will buy it; one to two dollars will bring it to you; home every week in the year. And yet, strange to say, there are men "too poor" to take a newspaper. They can pay five cents for a glass of beer, or ten cents for a beverage of unknown composition called a "cocktail," they can pay half a dollar for a circus ticket, or twenty-five cents for the theater, but they are too poor to buy a newspaper, which is a ticket of admission to the great "Globe theater," whose dramas were written by God himself, whose curtains are rung down by death!

It is not necessary to speak of mighty responsibilities which necessarily attach to the control of such a power in the land as the newspaper is to-day, nor to say that the editor who rightly apprehends the importance of his work, must bring to it a reverent spirit and constant care. The humblest sheet in the land does into some homes as the daily authoritative messenger from the great world outside; its opinions are accepted as truth, and its suggestions have the force of law. The editor stands on the widest pulpit known in modern society. The lawyer has a narrow sphere before him; the senator and representative—the walls upon their voices, the minister the parish walls about his church. But there is a pulpit that has no limit—it is the press. It is literally the voice of one that cries in the wilderness; for all across the populous lands the papers speak; and there is not in modern civilization a place of power that can compare with this. Rev. Dr. Witt Talmage once said: "In the clanking of the printing press, as the sheets fly out I hear the voice of the Lord Almighty, proclaiming to all the dead nations of the earth: 'Lazarus, come forth! and to the retreating surges in the darkness: let there be light!'"

THE PIONEER HUMORIST OF AMERICA.

(George W. Miles, in Rome Sentinel.)

A private room in one of the large hotels of one of our largest cities; around the table a group of fashionably dressed young men. On the table, glasses, wines of all kinds, cigars. The hour is late, these young men are evidently as wide awake as young men under such circumstances are apt to be. There are mirth-provoking toasts drunk between uproarious bursts of laughter. There are comic songs and witty sallies. In the center of this small party is a young man, apparently twenty-six or seven years of age. Tall, of a slender form, yet with ruddy cheeks and sparkling eyes, his general appearance is that of a man of more ordinary health and physical strength. His manner is easy and cordial, and though more quiet than his companions, he seemed to enjoy the scenes fully as much as any of them. This man is Charles F. Browne, who, even at this early age, found himself famous both in the old world and the new as the author of the letters of "Artemus Ward."

Such a scene of carousal by night was uncommon one to Charles F. Browne. This was which shortened his life. "Artemus Ward" was the originator of a style of humorous writing in which he has had many imitators. One of them at least has gained wealth; several of them notoriety. None of them possesses that fountain of humor within, which distinguished "Artemus Ward."

Satirists and critics may benefit the world. They may create public sentiment. They may control public opinion. The true humorist has another mission. He is a man, who, with a large heart and sympathetic nature, writes to make us laugh and thus furnish a medicine, health-involving, life-preserving. His is to laugh with all at the weaknesses and follies common to all. He amuses every

man and leaves no unkind feeling in the heart of any. Charles F. Browne was such a man.

As a humorist "Artemus Ward" was kind, genial, good-natured. His humor was genuine and hearty. He wrote no satire. He ridiculed no man's opinion. He attacked no man's belief. He wrote simply to amuse, and succeeded. In no line of his is there anything of the coarseness or indelicacy which some of his followers seem to regard as essential to humorous writing. He had something of that imagination, that tender love of humanity, that quick appreciation of the ridiculous in surrounding an incident which made Charles Dickens, as a humorist, the most conspicuous figure of his age.

But "Artemus Ward's" voice has long been silent. He died the prime of life just as his genius had made him famous. He fell a victim to the besetting sin which has killed many men of genius, which is killing many every day. He was not a hard drinker. It was the railway journal of the day and the excitement of the evening's lecture, followed by a scene of merry-making consuming half or all the night, and until 8 o'clock next morning, he was up and at it again. Such a life will wear out any man. Five years of it killed Charles Browne.

Men fall around us every day from a like cause, and the world takes no note of it. When such rare geniuses as Shepherd, Poe and Charles Browne fall, then our attention is attracted. Their melancholy deaths in early life are temperance lectures more potent than any work of Cheever, more thrilling than any utterance of Gough.

"Artemus Ward" will add nothing more to the world's amusement. Those who once roared with laughter at his witticisms have forgotten him. Death called him while he was yet reaping new laurels in a foreign land. America mourned her favorite humorist, and the nation's grief was fully expressed by his intimate friend and brother humorist who wrote these pathetic words of eulogy:

"Death has done a cruel thing. Death seldom is kind. He moves his eye all round the world, now in this field, now in that. Wheat, flowers and weeds will, droop and wither, for he mows early and late, in city and town, by the heartstone, and away off where the wanderers are. Death is seldom kind. Many fields are laid bare, he cuts closely and cruelly. He loves to cut, and he loves to cut. He is old and for Abel of yesterday. Death mows strangely, and round fall daisies and grass, and alone snarling stands the coarse thistle, left for what? Death, who have moved where the wittiest of them all stood; whose words have gone laughingly to the world; whose heart was as good and soft as a mother's. You have moved where 'Artemus Ward' stood, and Humor wears mourning now for the child of her heart."

How She Petitioned.

(Detroit Post.)

A woman who wanted the Common Council to pass an ordinance to forbid goats from running at large in her neighborhood, called at a store on Michigan avenue yesterday to ask the proprietor what sort of a petition she must send in.

"Why, you want to state the case just as you have stated it to me," he replied.

"But how shall I begin?"

"Well, let's see. I believe they usually start off with: 'To the Hon. the Common Council.'"

"I don't believe it!" she exclaimed, and turning to a customer she appealed to him to decide.

"I am not sure how a petition begins," he said, "but I know that it must end up with: 'And we will ever pray.'"

"Not much we won't," growled the woman. "After a drove of goats has walked all over the roof of my house for the past year, and eaten up three calves, two shoes and a bed quilt for me, I'm not going to pray any more. Maybe the butcher next door knows how to fix it."

She went and stated the case to the butcher, and he thought it over and replied:

"It seems to me it should begin with something like: 'To your very respectable body, and close with: 'I am your very obedient servant,' but I'm not sure."

"Servant! Do you suppose I'm doing anybody's kitchen work?"

"No, madam, but it's the form, you see."

"Well, form or no form, I'm not going to call myself anybody's obedient servant. I'll write the petition myself."

She stepped to the desk, drew a long breath, and in five minutes had finished. It read:

"I'm after being bothered to death by goats, and if you don't pass a law to stop it there'll be a row in the old Eighth Ward, and don't you forget it!"

The Art of Paper Making

(Troy Times.)

It is claimed that England and France can make a better grade of fine papers than this country on account of the quality of the water, which is here inferior for paper making by frequent changes in temperature.

Acting upon the idea, experiments are about to be made in Florida, where the temperature is more equal. If successful it is said a large mill, especially for the manufacture of finer grades of stock, will be built there by Massachusetts capitalists.

Why the Editor is Always Good-Looking.

An observing philosopher contradicts the prevailing theory that mental activity interferes with physical beauty. He says:

A handsome man or woman either who does nothing but live well or self-indulgently grows flabby, and all the fine lines of the features are lost; but the hard thinker has an admirably sculptured always at work keeping his fine lines in repair and constantly going over his face to improve the original design.

A Collect-Or-Delivery Young Man.

(Hartwell (Ga.) Sun.)

A fashionable young man of this beautiful village, who is of a very economical turn, has the habit when he sends a note to his girl of adding this postscript: "Give negro boy a biscuit for carrying this note."

Recently the young lady promptly sent the young man quite a number of biscuits, informing him that he could henceforth prepay postage, and when the rations were exhausted to draw on her for more. A cold wave now blows between that young lady and her collect-or-delivery young man.

Maritalism.

(Berliner Tagblatt.)

The following advertisement appeared in a foreign paper under the above heading: "Wanted, a wife for my papa. He is five feet seven inches in height, is fair complexioned, with dark eyes, has all his front teeth and a Roman nose, and dresses in the height of fashion. I promise good treatment to my future step-mother if she suits me. Young ladies (or widows) with means, but without children, will please address Miss X, Post-office, L."

Make Up Your Mind.

(Boston Transcript.)

Make up your mind to a thing, and it is more than half done. For instance, John went to bed, but because he couldn't make up his mind whether he would get up at 6 o'clock or not next morning, he did not rest well at all. Charles, on the contrary, made up his mind, upon retiring, that he would arise at 6 sharp. Consequently he went to sleep immediately his head touched the pillow, and he slept like a log all through the night and until 8 o'clock next morning. Oh, no! there's nothing like making up one's mind.

A Matter of Habit.

(Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.)

A popular minister was asked the other day how it was possible for him to preach a new sermon every Sunday year after year, and to find something new to say. "I don't give you great deal of thought and trouble?" "Oh, no!" was the reply. "It's a mere matter of habit. My sermons have never kept me awake five minutes."

"Ah!" said the other, "that, then, is probably the reason why they don't keep other people awake either?" The ensuing silence was both chilling and embarrassing. Some people never know when it is inadvisable to joke.

A Cool Client.

(San Francisco News Letter.)

An acquaintance of mine—a young lawyer, tired of being briefless and feeless here in San Francisco—determined a year ago to establish himself in some interior country seat. A few months after he wrote me that he had his first case and that he had won it. It was a hard case, he wrote, one that required much study and ingenuity, but he had won it, and assured me that he considered his fee—\$50, I believe—well earned. His client was an old countryman, simple and unsophisticated, and he had endeavored to put him on the ways and doings of courts, so that he should attend the trial without embarrassment or trepidation. By his coolness in court the client did honor to his lawyer.

My friend came down here to spend the holidays, and we met. I asked him, laughing, whether he had had another case since his first. He looked at me curiously, and told me that something incredible had happened in regard to that affair. That same morning he met his former client, and over an appetizer they had discussed the matter.

"That only cost me a hundred dollars," said the client.

"A hundred?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes—I took the judge out for a drink, and gave him fifty dollars. That's why I was so cool in court."

The feelings of my young lawyer friend may be better imagined than described. Still he looked upon it as a good joke. I rather spoiled his amusement by asking him whether he had returned to his client his "well earned fee."

The Girl Opposite.

The editor of the Philadelphia Times has been flirting with "the girl opposite" and gives his readers the benefit of his experience in a lengthy article:

It is a wise and merciful dispensation of nature that there nearly always is a girl opposite. Possibly a dweller in the proverbial vast wilderness might hit upon an exception to this far-reaching rule; but the chances are just as he was thinking how dismal it was that he had come at last to a region where no girl opposite was to be found he would see the "savage woman" out of Locksley Hall peeping at him from among the bushes on the other side of the stream—and then the usual flirtation with the looking-glass would begin. For the flirtation always does begin with a looking-glass, and so, after all, the self-alleged inventor of heliography is only a base copyist.

Millions be! but a thin shallow sort of a word to express the number of men who have at one time or another in their lives been subject to the will of the girl opposite, and who have regulated their personal affairs—their comings and goings—not by the requirements of their professions, but by the eccentric standard of her disappearance and visibility.

Why, did governments impose upon men one-tenth part of the burdens and inconveniences which they willingly bear for the girl opposite, the world would be more or less swimming in the sea of revolutionary blood pretty much all the time.

These assertions are not made rashly nor carelessly. Have you ever stopped to calculate how much time you have fooled away in making love to the girl opposite; that is to say, to all the girls opposite to whom you have made love in your life long? And have you ever stopped to think how few things there are in this world that you would sacrifice so much time to for so small a result? We say "fooling" away time advisedly. If flirting with the girl opposite ever led to the inevitable marrying that in the long run every fellow must attend to, then it would be a reasonable thing to do. But it never does, never. You marry some other girl, and the girl marries some other fellow, and the whole performance is just a sheer waste of time.

And yet, after all, worse ways than this have been invented. Even if you do marry and go to live in Dan, and the girl marries some other fellow, and the girl marries some other fellow, and the whole performance is just a sheer waste of time.

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She Laughed Too Soon.

(Philadelphia Call.)

A woman stood at the front gate watching her neighbor's dog coming down the street with a kettle tied to his tail. It amused her vastly.

Presently the owner of the dog scurried by in hot pursuit, whereupon the woman at the gate laughed a gleeful, unneighborly laugh.

Then a little boy rounded the corner with a bright innocent look upon his face, as who should say: "I—am—on—an-errand—for—my—dear—ma—so—don't—detain—me."

He stopped and said to the woman at the gate:

"What are you laughin' at?"

She replied with hilarity: "I'm laughin' at old Bullrag's dog with a kettle tied to his tail!"

"It's awful funny, ain't it?" the little boy said, as he hurried on. "The kettle is yourn."

Then the woman at the gate suddenly stopped laughing.

What a Woman Can Do.

As a wife and mother, woman can make the fortune and happiness of her husband and children; and, if she did nothing else, surely this would be sufficient destiny. By her thrift, prudence, and tact, she can secure to her partner and to herself a competence in old age, no matter how small their beginning or how adverse a fate may be theirs.